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The

Autographs of the

Midshipman on board

of the U. S. Ship Constitution

Fourth Class 1864

Mids. E. de. F. Heald.

Chas. A. Wadman

Lebanon

Lebanon Co.
Penn.a

Edward. A. Benjamin.

New York.

N.Y.

Votre Ami.

Charles C. Allibone

U. S. S. "Constitution"

Jan. 13th. 1864

E. A. Fanning ton
Oswego
New York

Richard Rush,
Philadelphia.
Penna.-

Horace C. Jones
Auctioneer
Ind.

Bradish W. Johnson.
Islip.
Long Island.
N. Y.

C. Reide Meeker.
La Crosse.
Wisconsin.

Wm. H. Jaques.
Philadelphia.
Penn.

George Mills.

Lancaster.

Wisconsin.

George J. Mitchell Jr.

Philadelphia

Pa.

W. W. Conjill.

Dover.

Delaware.

Jan. 14th 1864.

Erasmus Dennison
Columbus
Ohio

Edward P. Wood
Mansfield
Ohio

William L. Talbot
Richmond
Kentucky

Wm Ellorrison.
Belleville.
St Clair Co.
Illinois

James. Jones.
Brookville.
Indiana.

C. H. Arnold
New York
City.

Lewis D. Webster.

Chicago.

Ills.

John. S. Kane

New York City.

N. Y.

Clifford J. West.

New York City.

New York.

Wm Little Jr
Pittsburg
Penn.

H. H. Everett
New Haven
Connecticut.

Thos H. Stevens
Erie
Pennsylvania.

Alvan. S. Southworth.
Lockport.
N. Y.

J. Mayhew Wainwright
New York City
N. Y.

Chas. E. Brown
Worcester
Mass.

Hamilton Perkins.
Concord
New Hampshire.

L. J. Shaw
Wytheville
Va

John P. Neal
Portland.
Maine.

A. Burrall.
Rock Island
Ills.

Charles C. Hoyt.
Saint Louis
Mo.

Saml S. Parks.
Joliet.
Ills.

Benj Gard.
Champaign.
Illinois.

Fred. H. Paine
Albany N.Y.

George G. Clay
Grand Rapids
Michigan

John W. Hagenman.
Reading
Pa

Charles N. Chipp
Kingston
N. Y.

Geo. McBride
Mansfield
Ohio

J. Milligan.
Fort Recovery.
Ohio.

J. Blochlinger
Dubuque
Iowa

L. G. Palmer
Baltimore,
Md.

John Mussimer
Reading Pa.

S. N. Lee
Baltimore
Maryland.

E. A. Taussig
St. Louis
Mo.

R. Clover.
Springfield
Ills.

J. W. Miller.
Morristown.
New Jersey.

Walter. G. Tracy.
Milan
Penna.

Geo. C. Bayer
Circleville
Ohio.

John S Mundell
Marshall
Mich

A. H Barnes
Jacksonville
Illinois

W. B. H. Frailey
Philadelphia
Penna.

George M. Williams
New Berlin
N. Y.

William Howard.
Augusta.
Maine.

Thos. S. Woodruff
Girard Penn.

Alfred Craven
Geneva
January 15th 1864. New York.

Charles Prentis
New London
(Jan 15th 1864) Conn

Lisle. G. Butler.
Muscatine.
Iowa.

E. Conway Pendleton
Washington
D.C.

A. R. Louden
Michigan City
Ind.

Park. Benjamin
New York
City.

James M. Miller
Liberty
Missouri

T. W. Greenleaf.
Shakopee.
Minnesota.

Mortimer Ayers
Springfield
Illinois

Jan 15th 1864

Jno. G. Fine
Ogdensburgh
N. Y.

P. T. Cunningham
Springfield
Ills

T. Amory de Blois
Columbus
Georgia.

Edward M. Day
New York City
N.Y.

E. S. Prime.
Sandusky. Ohio.

Aaron Hayden Jr.
Eastport.
Maine.

Theodore. P. West.
New York.
City.

John M. Hawley
Springfield
Mass

Jan 14th 1864

Charles D. Harrington
Worcester
Jan 15th 1864. Mass

Edward W Henricks
South Bend
Indiana

William Swift
Windham
Conn.

James K. Cogswell
Milwaukee
Wisconsin

H. McE. Elwy,
Janesville,
Wisconsin.

Frederic G. Hyde
Norwich
Conn.

Benjamin H. Tilley
Bristol
R. I.

Sidney A Simons
Bow View
N. Y.

Chas S. Norton
Central City
Colorado Territory

F. W. Aguel.
West-Point.
New-York.

William M. Paul.
Boston
Mass.

Smith & Harlow
Upper Sandusky
Wyandot Co
Ohio.

Yours Truly.

Rev. L. Goldsmith
Springfield
Illinois.

Frederic A. Howes
New York City
N. Y.

Fred Collins.
Calais.
Maine.

E. M. Kruger.
Utica.
N. Y.

Allen. Smith.
New York. City.
New York.

W. S. M. Symmes
Saint Louis
Mo.

E W Bliss
Yankton
D.T.

E K Creecy
Washington
D.C

E. W. Bridge.
Brooklyn.
N.Y.

George Austin
New York

James C. Hull
Catskill
N. Y.

Matthew Bolles. Jr.
Boston
Mass.

Cat. # 2013.1
Notebook of
E.D.F. Heald
1864

Astor Place
New York City

John. B. Stow.
New York. City
N. Y.

Albert Landolt
Port Washington
Wisconsin

J. C. Muhlenberg.
Lancaster
Pa.

W. T. Goundie.
Phila.
Pa.

F. Singer
Cleveland
Ohio.

James H Ames
Allentown
New Jersey.

Justin D. Glen
Syracuse
N. Y.

William Kearney
New York City
New York.

A. J. Phillips
Springfield
Illinois
Alias Rusty.

Jos. G. Eaton
Lowell
Mass

L. Alwood Murray
Peoria
Illinois.

Dwight S. Smith
Lansing
Mich.

Edward P. McClellan
New York

Albert Rose.
Clarion
Penn'a

Selden Taylor.
Po. Keepsie (8 Crew)
New York.
Jan 18th 1864.

H. S. Schenck
Cincinnati
Ohio

H. L. Carles.
Farmington
Conn.
(Vol 1)

Jas. W. Kerr
"Unholy Alliance" Phil.a Pa.

Henry C. Hunter.
Brooklyn.
N.Y.

Gratiot Washburne.
Galena
Illinois.

F. H. Delano
Cambridge
Mass
"

A. H. Whittell
Carson City
Nev.

Yours truly
L. P. Carr
New York
City.

Yours Truly
D. F. Bennett
Lynn
Mass.

Charles T. Forse
Covington
Ky.

Chas. Payne,
Boston,
Mass.

Frank S. Pinder
Boston
Mass.

W. H. Cole.
New York
City.

Jan 21st 1864.

Edward H. Ashmin
Richmond
Indiana.

Fred. Haines
Philadelphia
Pa.

Jan 20th 1864

Chas A. Adams
Green Bay
Wisconsin

June 21st/64.

Wm G. Morgan.
Jersey City
New Jersey.

H. H. Sherman.
Kalamazoo
Mich.

John Adell.
Mineral Point
Wisconsin

A. S. Williams.
Aurora
Illinois
"

Louis Mayckly.
F. T. Robinson
"
New York City.

Samuel Hamilton
Annapolis
Md.

John. A. Rodgers
Harford Co
Md

John V. B. Bleecker
New York City
N.Y.

Charles R. Wilson
Philadelphia
Penn.

Augustus R. L. Foote.
New Haven.
Conn.

Eugene D. F. Heald.
Portland.
Maine.

Frank. C. Rosehead.
Covington
Ky.

Robt P Garsed
Phila.
Pa.

Chas. H. M. Blake
Brookline
Mass.

Dan'l. D. C. Stuart.
Albany,
N. Y.

J. M. Grimes
Peoria
Ill.

F. J. Rogers
Brooklyn.
N. Y.

——Miscellaneous———

Classmates Turn.

I

Classmates turn, why will you "bilge"?
Johnnie Coffin asks you why!
He who did you geck's give,
Made you with himself to live,
He it is that asks you so,
Will you slight his love and go?

II

Classmates turn why will you go?
Tis "G. S. B." that asks you so.
He who did your papers give,
When you first with him did live.
He it is that asks you why!
Will you shirk his grace, and fly?

III

"Smith. A."

Bilging Song.

I

See the dreaded board approaching!
There is Johnnie seated on his throne.
Now poor Middies now lamenting.
Stand and hear your awful doom.

II

See the words he now is writing!
Filled with hypocritical pain.
While in anguish Mid's lamenting.
That he has no change again.

III

Yonder sits the sainted Joseph:
With his marks of bilging love.
Oh! that I had boot-licked favors!
When I saw his pencil move.

IV.

Now poor Middies look and tremble.
Joseph. Johnny, and you must part:
Louder than a clap of thunder.
Hear the dreadful word. "Depart."

"Bilges"

Midshipman's Doxology.

Praise Blue from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him ye middies here below.
Praise him for Father Abram's sake.
Praise Gideon Welles, and Daddy Blake.

"By a Middy"

"The Royal Yacht Club."

I

Come listen to my ditty.
A song to you I'll sing.
Of four and twenty yachting boats.
All anchored in a ring.
It was the Royal Yacht Club.
The Queen of England's pride.
The Pride of all the Yachting boats.
That ever left the Clyde.

Chorus.

Then where did you come from.
New York Town.
Who is your captain.
Old Dick Brown.

II

It was on a summer morning.
The sun was shining bright.
This noble little schooner came.
Wing and wing in sight.
Then where did she come from.
Not one of them could say
For no one thought to model a yacht.
Came from America.

Chorus.

On she came as lightly,
As a bird upon the wing.
And rounding to so nicely,
She anchored in the ring.
Her stern presented an eagle:
Spread from Starboard side to port.
It was the only ornament.
She wore of any sort.

Chorus.

IV

At length the Royal Yacht. Club.
Began to smell a rat;
Some thought her some pumpkins.
Some thought her more than that.
Till interchanging visits
Which made it plain as day.
That she was Brother Jonathans.
Yacht America.

Chorus.

V

At length our gallant Captain.
A Challenge did indite.
He challenged the bold Franklin.
As fair as he could write.
He told the noble Briton.
He would run his Yankie Yacht.
Against Steamers. Schooners. Cutters.

The siege he cared not what:

Chorus.

VI.

The Regatta being open.
To Yachts of all creation.
And we the only Yankies there,
To represent the nation.
We entered 'gainst some forty yachts.
And sailed around the Nab.
And beat the fastest of them all.
As a dolphin would a crab.

Chorus.

VII.

The morn was bright; the Queen was there.
To glorify the sight.
There were Nobles, Ladies, Yachts and yawls.
All round the Isle of Wight.
The signal being given,
Need I stop to tell the story.
How Poor John Bull was left behind.
Lamenting all his glory.

Chorus.

"Motto" --- Vestigia nulla retrorsum. ----

Hampden.

VIII.

It gained the heart of old John Bull.
And raised his national pride.
Says he "I'll bet a forty pounds.
I'll find a Yacht this night.
That in sailing forty knots and back.
Will beat this Yankee Doodle.
Or I'll plainly tell the world.
I am a Falen noodle."

Chorus.

"The Cottage by the Sea."

Near the beach stands a cottage. so pleasant & gay.
But I warn all ye middies therein not to stay.
For of three of those gentlemen sorrowful tale.
If ye will but listen I'll try to relate.

II.

It was a day in April. so pleasant and calm.
That they thought to take something that could do no (harm
And to this cottage they straitway went.
But some watchmen were near with which in limit.

III

They had scarcely entered and called for their beer.
When one of them gave quite pale with fear.
Look! there's a watchman, and of him beware.
For of all liquors served he gets a good share.

IV.

Upon this they straitway made tracks for the door.
But alde it was guarded behind and before.
Nevertheless they sprang out at a 2-40 rate.
And immediately fell into the watchmans embrace.

V.

The melancholy part remains to be told.
And that relates to how these middies were sold.
For strait to the Commandant these three did walk.
And with them he for a long time did talk.

My Last Cigar.

I

'Twas off the blue canaries.
A glorious summer's day.
I sat upon the quarter deck,
And whiff'd my cares away.
As the volumn'd smoke arose
Like incence in the air.
I breathed a sigh to think in sooth.
It was my last cigar. (Repeat)

II

I leaned upon the quarter rail.
And looked down in the sea.
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curling gracefully.
Oh! What had I at such a time
To do with waiting care.
Alas! The trembling tear proclaimed.
It was my last cigar.—

(Continued)

I watched the ashes as it came
Fast drawing towards the end.
I watched it as a friend would watch,
Beside a dying friend.
But still the flame crept slowly on.
It vanished into air.
I threw it from me. spare the tale,
It was my last cigar.

IV.

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distant dim.
I've watched alone the blighted heart
Where once proud hope had been.
But I've never known a sorrow.
That could with that compeare.
When off the Blue Canaries.
I smoked my last cigar.

—J. M. Hubbard—

-Recept-

------ Never use the words of a black-
-guard. ----. —"Prof. Hitchings"—
(learned by experiance

May. 27th 1864.

The Thirty-seven

I

Three years ago to day,
We raised our hands to heaven
And on the rolls of murder
Our names were thirty-seven.
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service,
With our right hands raised to heaven

II.

Oh! twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword.
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless sky
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

III.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred march to day.
Hundreds lie in Virginia's champs,
And hundreds in Maryland clay.

And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their scattered limbs around.
And envy the deep, long blessed sleep
Of the battle field holy ground

IV.

For the swords are right - a week ago.
The remnant - just - eleven.
Gathered round a banqueting board.
With seats for thirty - seven.
There were two limped in on crutches
And two had each but a hand.
To pour the wine and raise the cup.
As we toasted our flag and land.

V

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we look at the vacant seats.
And with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich and untasted meats.
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses
As we rose up - just - eleven -
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us thirty - seven.

(By Private Miles O'Reilly)
May. 27th 1864.

Mills

Now by thunder we have one of a thousand.
If any one wants to find weakness and vertue, sterling qualities, and in fact the "Ne plus ultra" of a Midshipman let him turn to the subject of this sketch. He was born in the wilds of Wisconsin when very young, and although his native place cannot exactly be ascertained, It is supposed by Historians to be the town of Lancaster.
A description of this city, compiled at immense cost by the author, may not prove uninteresting.
It is situated in Grant County, and contains one Cross roads, one store and post-Office - one house, two taverns, one Grant County Herald Office, two peg-pens, and a Blacksmith shop.
All who have seen the place declare this to be an accurate discription
"ve worthy friend is considered a
mirle of the Natives.

Although we do not wish to go into particulars concerning the curiosities of this remarkable place, yet we do not intend to be as brief respecting them as was the old sailor, who had been to every quarter of the globe.
When asked by some old proxy antiquarian, to give a description of the manners and customs of the Hottentots - thinking it would be of value to the world in general - his reply was short and easily comprehended. viz!
"Manners - none; customs - nasty."
We are not insinuating any thing whatever, and will proceed to give a statement of the characteristics of the animal in question. He has a very pugnacious disposition, and a few days since, was so cruel as to batt the main hatch combings - doing much damage to the shot-racks &c.
Wells and Brad are deadly enemies and it often happens that there is a conflict between them, in which much blood is spilt: and valor displayed on both sides.

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